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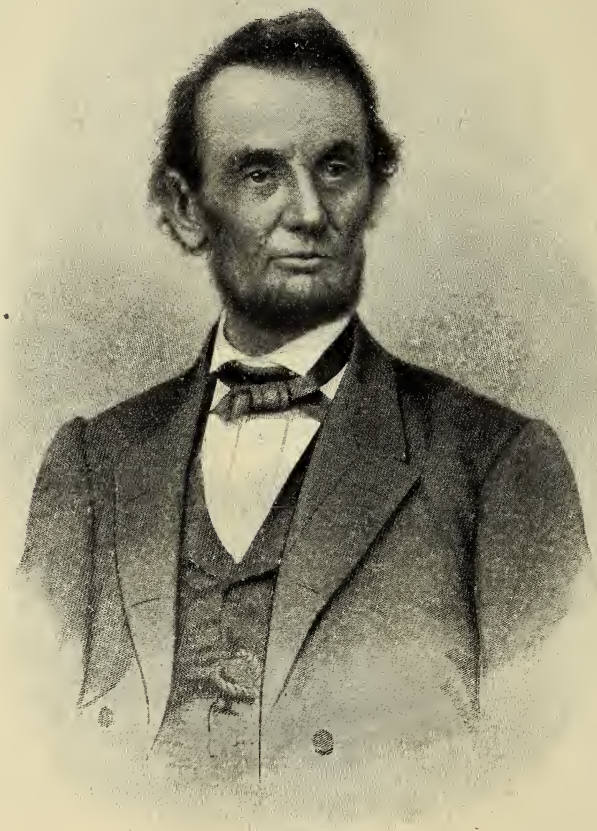


A. Lincoln

After a photograph by M. B. Brady.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XII.—THE WAR

ONE TO MAKE READY

THERE has been a great temptation to prepare for this part of these memoirs a severely condensed history of the Civil War. For eighteen months I had such a plan in mind, and it was with regret that I abandoned it. But I have abandoned it. I should like to write such a history. I think if I had ten years of life before me, with nothing else to do, I would do it. But I will not do it in eight pages of The Outlook.

No! The reader who has been kind enough to follow me for nearly a year understands, by this time, that he is looking at the century through my keyhole. We are taking snap-shots together, and of our snap-shot pictures I throw away nineteen before I let the reader see one.

I think there will be a certain interest in bringing together five or six separate glimpses of the war, which will show how a working minister in a Northern parish could be mixed up in it. I have had in mind, for nearly forty years, the bringing together of a set of papers in church history and printing them in a book which should be called "A Church in the War." But we cannot print that book in eight pages of The Outlook. Here are, however, a few personal memoranda, most of which date from the time, which will serve in their way as so many foreground lights for its history.

Whoever writes the history of the nineteenth century ought to remember that, after all the irritation and even savage rage of section against section, the war took the North by surprise. For myself, I regarded the Southern declarations as part of a game of brag, even up to the first shot on Sumter. I remember that a week or two before that happened, as I came out of church on what must have been the first Sunday in April, Wendell Phillips was passing the gateway of the little courtyard. I joined him and walked with him, and he told me that the Carolinians were throwing up batteries from which to fire on Fort Sumter. I knew the ground and water, or thought I did, and I pooh-poohed and said, "Batteries? What are they making them of—the waves of the sea?" and intimated that all this was the exuberance of a pretense which would cool down into nothing. Phillips said, "I hope so." But within a fortnight's time his hopes and my expectations were disappointed.

Yet I was myself at that same time drilling as an active member of Salignac's Rifle Corps. My connection with this drill club began one evening at a meeting of a college club which had existed twenty years. Edward Cabot, the distinguished architect, who was one of the members, told us that he and some other young gentlemen had formed a drill club for the training for war. In my own memory this marks the moment when anybody thought that war was impending. For me, as I say, I thought the bluster of the Southern States was the bragging of people used to playing cards, and I did not believe that things would come to that crisis. But all the same I wanted "to encourage the rest," as Voltaire said. I was minister of a large parish, and I wanted the young men of that parish to do their duty. I told Cabot that he might count me as a member. I think it was the next day that I went down to join, and from that time until the war was well advanced I went down to drill daily. Salignac had been an officer in the French service, and was quite master of all that we needed to learn from him. Amos A. Lawrence, the same with whom I had worked in the colonization of Kansas, and who gave his name to the city of Lawrence there, was very much interested in the club. He gave us the use of a large hall, the hall which Mr. Shuman now

[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

occupies at the corner of Summer Street and Washington Street. There we drilled all winter.

I was, therefore, well up in regimental tactics and well enough up in the drilling of soldiers when, on the fatal Sunday morning of April, 1861, it was announced that Sumter had been fired on. Every young man who was worth his salt then wanted to fall into the ranks, and at Salignac's we had our hands full in drilling new recruits. I suppose I was a sergeant. Here is a reminiscence of one of those April days: How often have I preached in Chicago and General Bayley has met me on the pulpit stairs and said, "Can you see both screws of the musket, Dr. Hale?" He was a youngster in my own Sunday-school who had fallen in with the rest. Passing behind the file, in my duty as instructor, I had said to him, "Throw up your gun a little; I want to see both those screws." From such a beginning Bayley came out a Major-General in 1865.

The hall in Summer Street was not large enough for us to parade or drill in a straight line. It was bent as the letter E is bent, without the cross mark in the middle. I was one of the taller men, my friend Dr. Williams being taller than I. So we were at the extreme right of the battalion line, and when we presented arms we were opposite the extreme left of the line, which was made up of the men who were not so tall. So it was that, week in and week out, I presented arms at any dress parade to a fair-haired Saxon boy, a hundred feet away, whose name I did not know. And it was not until I assisted at his funeral that I learned that this charming, manly face which I had seen so often was that of young Will Putnam. Lowell's cousin, who had been killed at Ball's Bluff. In fact, nineteen-twentieths of Salignac's Drill Corps took commissions in the Massachusetts regiments and went to the war. To this day I cannot pass through the central memorial hall of Sanders at Cambridge without tears, there are so many of my college companions and of my other young friends whose names are engraved on the tablets there.

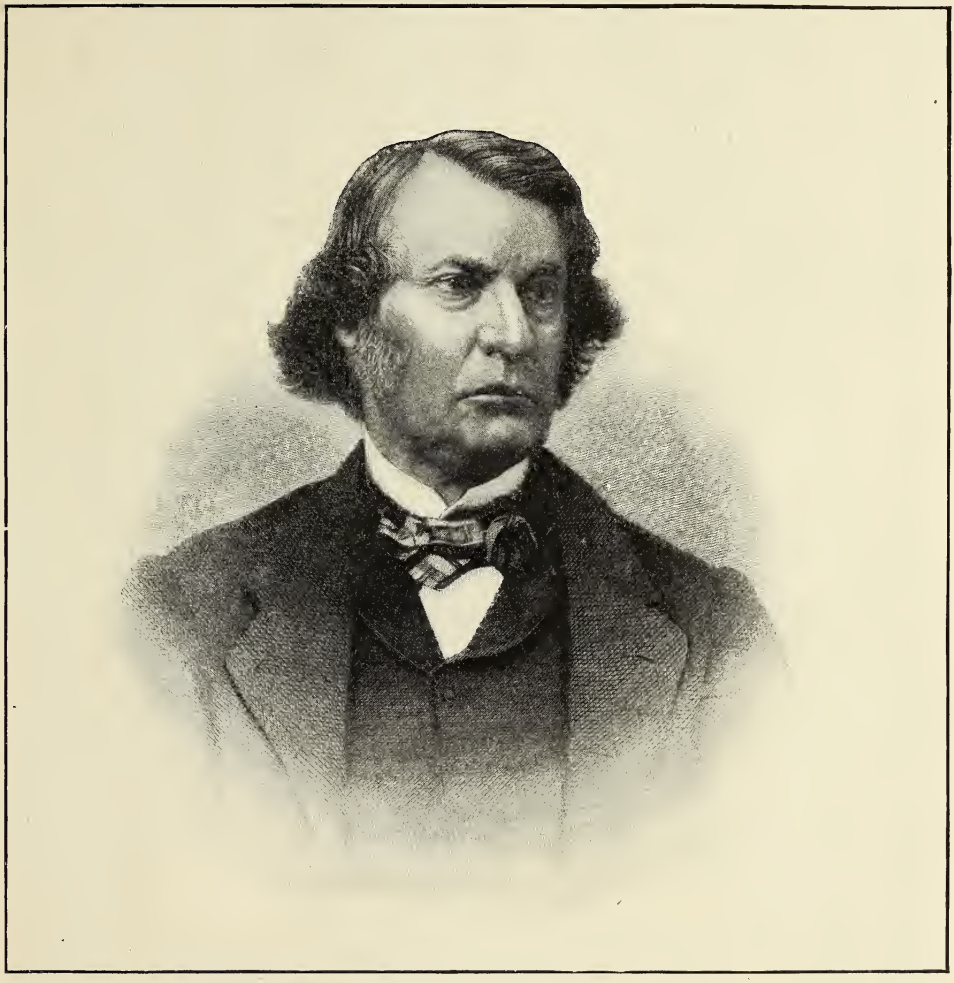
After the announcement that Sumter was fired on, it would be fair to say that nobody in Boston thought of anything but the war for four years. Everything turned on that pivot. In that first week, if a man asked another man if he could sell him a horse, the answer was, "You are going to the front? The horse is yours." The Street Railway Company placed all their horses at the disposal of the Governor. The Massachusetts Fifth was sent to Fortress Monroe directly under the advice of John Murray Forbes. Some one asked what were the arrangements for provisioning the steamer which took them from Providence, and Forbes said, "I have provisioned her myself."

My brother Charles, who was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, sent me a note one morning which showed me that he was too sick to be anywhere but in bed. I went over with a carriage to his bachelor quarters to bring him to my own house. The poor fellow said that he had in his hands some arrangements for vaccine which were to be sent to such and such regiments at the South. I told him that I would see to the vaccine, and went to the State House for that purpose. There was Henry Lee, well known to all Harvard men as the chief marshal for many years of their processions. He was an officer in Salignac's Drill Corps, and at that moment was acting as a volunteer military aid to Governor Andrew. While I waited for a letter I needed, Lee asked me if I could not go down to Fall River that afternoon and drill the Fall River companies. I was most eager to go, but I had in hand these vaccine arrangements and many other duties of the same sort; and I made the "great refusal." Which story I tell because I think if I had gone down to Fall River and had my experience of a drill-master's life, I should probably have stayed with the army until the war was over. Who knows but these might be the memoirs of a Major-General, as Bayley's would be?

But I laid down the rule for myself that I would not go in person to the war until I found nothing to do every day at home.

When all was over, on the 22d day of December, 1865, Governor Andrew had ordered a parade of representatives of each of the sixty-six Massachusetts regiments, who were to march to the State House and leave their smoked and ragged colors there. I noticed in the morning paper that they would pass our church.

I sent a note to the chairman of the right committee, and the women opened the church, they lighted their fires, and when, that morning, one or two thousand men marched through Union Park, hot coffee stood in full pails on the steps with enough for every man of the command, and they broke ranks and drank. In our little museum at church we show receipts of the State of Massachusetts for the flannel underclothes we sent them in April, 1861.



CHARLES SUMNER
From an engraving by Augustus Robin.

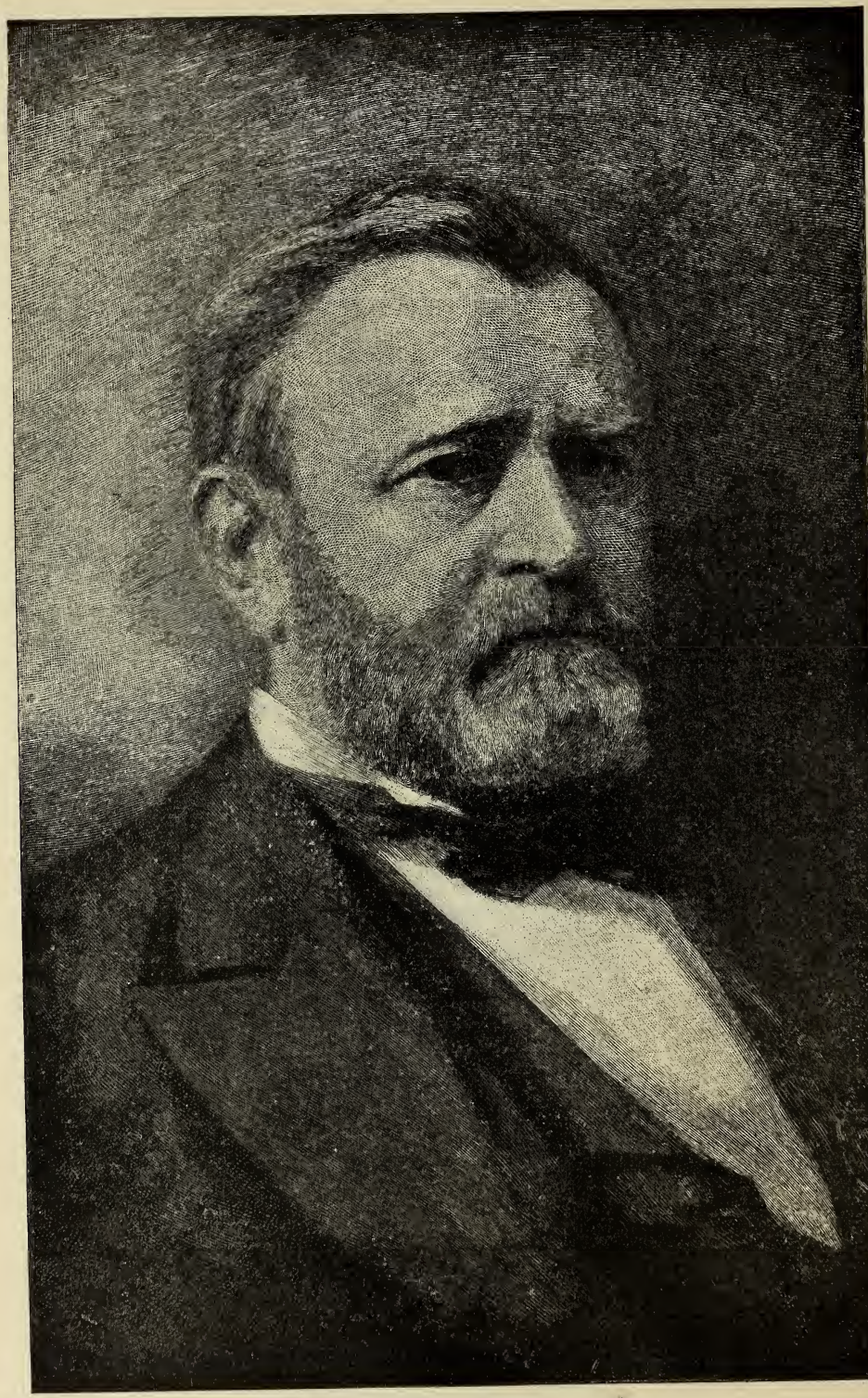
BULL'S RUN

Of other personal reminiscences, the papers which make up this chapter are all that I must now use. The first is a letter from a gentleman, in an important official position in Washington, describing his impressions as to the army, as he saw it in August, after the defeat at Manassas, or, as we say, Bull's Run. Even after thirty years it seems worth while to show out of what inexperience Grant's and Meade's armies began:

Treasury Building, August 6, 1861.

My Dear Sir: I have received your note, with inclosure, of 2d inst., and am sorry we are not to be more closely associated. However, there is much to do everywhere now, and what is most important is no longer in Washington. Yet one needs to be at Washington to see into what a terrible rut of inefficiency and humbug and twaddle our poor Nation has got. There seems no end to buncombe; we are saturated with it high and low.

Now what is the fact about this noble, etc., gallant, patriotic army? It was, in large part, a miserable rabble of sentimental actors and



ULYSSES S. GRANT

"foreign mercenaries." It had no real discipline, only a play of it, or so much of it as was pretty. Its officers were knaves and fools. They had never read history, they knew not the simplest elementary conditions of war, and they never really expected to fight, certainly not to *conduct* fighting. The consequences of the Bull's Run affair prove this if they prove anything. The exceptions count by thousands, it is true, but the central fact is that the army was good for nothing. I really believe that three regiments of regulars well commanded could take the capital to-day, if there were no regulars in it. And how does the country behave? The cruel, savage, senseless poltroons who took to the ambulances and ran over the wounded and left them to die of thirst, taking their water for themselves—the surgeons themselves who went mad with fright—have you hung any of them in Boston? They haven't been named yet; nobody has tried to get their names. But the vermin of various batteries send their names to a New York newspaper to testify that they deserted in spite of the earnest request of their officers on the eve of the first engagement, after having played soldier at the public expense three months, because "their time was out" and they "wanted to see their families"! God save their children from living. And the people of New York let these fellows "return to their business." Does the history of the world exhibit traces of the existence of anything meaner than that? And the men who did behave well—can you name them? Who cares for them? They are lost in our habit of buncombe.

We must strain every nerve to put things on an entirely different footing or we are lost. The very idea of order, precision, punctuality, complete honesty, and exact responsibility is generally lost among us. A man does the meanest things and does not know it; the most gallant things, and unless the spread-eagle takes them up nobody else knows it.

The women terribly want something to do. Couldn't they be got to form committees to hunt deserters and cowards, knavish contractors and speculating legislators, officers who give no care to their men except for parade and who throw away their coats in battle lest they should be known for officers, soldiers who can't be got to brush their coats or wash their faces or take care of a sick comrade or look twice at an enemy?

Until in some way or other something allied to discipline can be forced upon these creatures sent here for soldiers, all sanitary preaching is about useless. There ought to be a few hundred men hung here to-morrow. Then we might ask commanding officers to give orders for the health of their men. But orders go for nothing now. They are almost of as little value as promises.

Now I've told you the whole story. The Sanitary Commission can do nothing but poke sticks in at the edges. The whole kettle needs to be upset, and you are nearer the long end of the lever in Boston than you would be here.

As to the matter of Mr. Bishop's concern, I have thought much about it, and talked a good deal and done a little. The small Treasury notes are chiefly for the convenience of soldiers wishing to send to their families. I don't think Mr. Bishop's plan would accomplish much for its cost. The best that I can think of would be some sort of soldiers' savings bank, with agents preceding and following close upon the paymasters. This is a matter for solid men and financiers to think upon. But Dr. Howe has returned now, and you have the Brick Lane branch in full swing. I wish that you would have it talked about, and see if any scheme of the kind will bear beating out to details.

On the other side, here is the account of Bull Run by Mr. John S. Wise—a first-rate Virginian authority. It is in his charming book "The End of an Era:"

The battle of Manassas [Bull Run] was one of the oddest episodes in military history. It was fought at right angles to the line of battle selected by both commanders, and was virtually won by the Union forces when they became panic-stricken and fled.

AS THE WAR WENT ON

It will give a hint of the variety of the work of a church at home when I say that we had our share, through the Sanitary Commission, in help to the hospitals of the army, the relief of its sick, the care of prisoners and refugees, and the education of freedmen. The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant, the Rev. Charles E. Rich, now of California, and one of our Sunday-school teachers, Mr. George N. Boynton. Colonel Everett Peabody commanded the regiment most in advance at Shiloh. He was sure that Grant's army would be attacked, and gave in his report of that certainty. His men, ready for battle, met the first attack, in the gray of the morning, and he and most of them were killed in the onset. It is one of our proud recollections that the flannel shirts which were dyed again that day were made in our vestry.

Three days afterwards the young men who first appeared at the landing in charge of the hospital steamer after the horrors of the battle of Shiloh were two young physicians from our church, with supplies which we had forwarded—Dr. John Green, now of St. Louis, and Dr. Abram Wilder, of Kansas.

The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our

boys, who had volunteered the first day and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run. The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but stayed in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notice from the pulpit that hospital attendants were needed by the Sanitary Commission, and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. I once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes; I told this to the ladies of my class, and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think—but I am not certain—that the only ether and chloroform which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864 were boxed and sent from our church.

For all this time the system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And when you go beyond what was physically done within the walls of the South Congregational Church, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words "public spirit" got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!

I have an old box of sermons labeled "War Sermons." I will not make the reader study them. I could not if I would. But the texts are suggestive: "Compel them to come in." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free." "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." "The unity of the spirit." "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." (This on a sermon which is indorsed, "Take the loan.") "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; they are white already to harvest."

On a sermon indorsed, "Buchanan's Fast," "Put not your trust in princes." As early as March 28, 1859, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." In a sermon marked "Reaction," "The same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while." "His mercy endureth forever." On the President's Fast, April 30, 1863, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "That they all may be one." "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those that are before." "And the children of Israel went up and wept before the Lord until even, and asked counsel of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother? And the Lord said, Go up against him." "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." This on the Thanksgiving Day after the return of peace.

I was at the annual commencement of the Andover Theological Seminary in August, 1861, just after our defeat at the first Bull's Run. The chaplain of the day prayed that McDowell might be forgiven "for having unnecessarily initiated a battle on the Lord's day." My kinsman, Professor Stowe, who was there, told this story of Longfellow, his classmate in college, whom he had met a few days before: Longfellow had stopped him in the street and asked him how things were going on at Andover; and said, "If New Testament will not do, you must give them Old."

Sometimes as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, sometimes to preach to my old parish at Washington, I went on to that city. I dare not say how often, as the four years went by.

Here is a curious memorandum of a conversation which I had with Charles Sumner about Lincoln's Compensated Emancipation Message:

April 26, 1862, Washington.

Nothing shows the power of the President more at the present moment than the way in which every person you meet thinks and gives you to think that he and the President are hand in glove, and, indeed, quite agree.

I went through with this very pleasantly with Dr. Bellows on Tuesday. To-night I took tea with Judge Thomas, who spoke quite

freely of his intimacy with the President, and afterwards meeting George Livermore I went with him to call on Mr. Sumner. He entertained us, and very agreeably, with the history of the President's message for compensated emancipation, for which he took a good deal of credit to himself, and which he told me in much these words:

"That began a good while ago—as long ago as the extra session. But to speak of this session only, the night I got here, Saturday night —Congress meets on Monday—as soon as I had brushed off the dust of travel, I went down to see the President. I talked with him alone two hours about the principal subjects of the message. I talked to him about the Trent affair, about the conduct of the army and General McClellan, and about slavery. About them all we agreed, or agreed very nearly. For about the Trent affair we agreed entirely —that nothing should be said about it. About the army we agreed entirely, and General McClellan; and about slavery we agreed too, though some people would not believe this—the 'Daily Advertiser' would not believe it, Mr. Hale. But we did agree so precisely as this, that the President said after we had spoken of the subject in every detail—these were his very words—'Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time.' 'Mr. President,' said I, 'if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the longest time you name has passed by.' Nor should I have done so, but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored in his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiative to hitch the whole thing to. He was in correspondence with some persons at a distance with this view, but he did not consult a person in Washington, excepting Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair and myself. Seward knew nothing about it. So it lagged along till the Trent matter came to its crisis. I was with him then, again and again. Lord Lyons sent in Lord Russell's letter. I went over with the President that whole subject. There were four ways of meeting it. We went over each of the four. We agreed entirely as to the course to be adopted. But I said to him then as I left him, 'Now, Mr. President, if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not our friend. France is not. But if you had announced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety.' The Trent message was settled at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of December, and that day, or perhaps the next day, I drove him up to it again. I said to him, I remember, 'I want you to make Congress a New Year's present of your plan.' But he had some reason still for a delay. He was in correspondence with Kentucky; there was a Mr. Speed in Kentucky to whom he was writing; he read me one of his letters once; and he thought he should hear from there how people would be affected by such a plan. Every time I saw him, however, I spoke to him about it, and I saw him every two or three days. At one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day—and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment. 'Don't say a word about that,' said he. 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this matter will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him, till one day, early in January, he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. And I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing else to the President about this or any other business, if I could help it, till that child were well, or were dead. And I did not. It was a long, complicated illness. It lasted four weeks. And the President attended to no business that could be avoided. He saw no one, he signed no commissions. There were mountains of commissions from the State and Navy and War Departments waiting for his signature. Seward presided at the Cabinet meetings. At last, after it was over—I had never said a word to the President again about it—one morning here, before I had breakfasted, before I was up, indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed at once and went over; and he said, 'I want to read you my message. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.' So he read it to me, from his own manuscript. And I asked him to let me read it myself, so that I could take it in more carefully. Well, when I began there were some things in it, you know, that I wanted to change—now that word abolishment, that I did not want, but, you know, I said, 'There is to every man an idiosyncrasy, and this is so clearly an aboriginal, autochthonous style of its own that I will not suggest an alteration.'"

"Lucky you didn't," said E. E. H.; "you would have made a pretty botch of it." Mr. Sumner laughed and said, "Yes, I am afraid so. There was, as it was printed, an unfinished sentence. That was a mistake in copying; it was not in his manuscript. Of course, if I had observed a word left out, or any such thing, I would have told him. Well, there was one sentence where I told him that he must let me recast it. I took my pencil, and I said, 'Let me write it thus. I don't want people saying you think this and so.' I was going to turn the sentence round, you know, enough to emasculate it. But he said, 'I'll drop the whole sentence,' and took his pen and drew it through. I was delighted and so was Chase, who came afterwards to thank me for making him leave it out. I asked him how the Cabinet took it. He had called them together the night before

to hear it. I do not know when there has been a Cabinet meeting in the evening. The Cabinet generally meets Tuesday and Friday at 12 and sits until 2. But the President had sent for them all to come to a Cabinet meeting in the evening. 'Oh,' he said, 'they all liked it.' 'Did Seward like it?' said I. 'Oh, yes, he liked it.' 'And old Bates, did he like it?' 'Oh, he liked it most of all.' 'And Smith?' 'Smith, he liked it thoroughly.' I did not ask him about the others, because of them, of course, I knew. Well, I sat with it in my hands, reading it over and not bearing to give it up, but he said, 'There, now, you've read it enough; run away, I must send it in to-day.' He had called his secretary already, and he was waiting. I gave him the first page, and he copied it while I was reading the rest. I rode down to the Senate, and then I went to General Lander's funeral. I was one of the pall-bearers. I met the President there, but I said nothing about this, of course. I rode back to the Senate and found them in executive session. I went to the desk to see if the message had been sent in, and there it was. I went to one Senator and another, to ask them if they knew what the President had sent in. Oh, some more nominations, they supposed. But I sent them to the desk to see, and so one Senator and another read it there.

"But I had told the President that I should say nothing about it. It should be his act. I might, of course, have made a speech. I might have made some preparation for a speech of welcome to it. But I would not do this. And I said nothing, but to vote as every one else did. Yet I had been the only Senator consulted from the beginning to the end."

I copy the whole of this memorandum of one of Mr. Sumner's conversations, because it shows, in a way which is now as pathetic as it is amusing, what his quite unconscious habit was of patronizing the people with whom he had to do. I have been told that he was the most unpopular man who was ever in the United States Senate. I am afraid this is true. If it is true, it is simply because, without in the least meaning to do so, he would speak with this air of superiority, which was really droll. I do not think myself that he was an arrogant man. He did sometimes think of himself more highly than he ought to think. But that is a fault which most members of most Senates share with him. There was a certain frankness of manner, almost rustic or pagan, if one may say so, which ruffled people and made them cross when he did not even suspect that he was "riling them." It is interesting to see how good-naturedly Lincoln took this, and how well he understood Mr. Sumner, through and through.

A YEAR LATER

Here is a letter of a year later which shows how varied were the interests in Washington life in the year 1863:

The guests were Admiral Davis, General Force, just now from Vicksburg; Colonel Abbot, in command of the defenses opposite the city; Mr. Collins, from Asia, who spoke of a despatch he had just had from Irkutsk, and is engaged now in building the telegraph up to Behring's Straits;[1] Dr. Adams, of the Medical Bureau, a sort of aid of Surgeon-General Hammond's, fresh from a tour of inspection at the West, and a Colonel Cunningham. The ladies were only the three pretty Miss Abbots, and Mary certainly did the honors charmingly. I see I have not named Mr. Channing, who was very bright and came out very pleasantly. I do not know when I have been at a brighter party. What is striking, as soon as you are among the military or naval men, is their sweet, simple loyalty, their indifference to politics, and their confidence of success. General Force said that he rode down to Natchez to see a city which had *not* been injured by the war. There he found children playing in the streets, ladies in the verandas, and the city as beautiful as ever. "And the men?" we asked. The men, he said, had been strong enough and of influence enough to keep themselves from being hanged; they had sworn they would not go into the rebel army, had their property seized because they would not, but had protected their families against guerrillas, and so had roughed through. "And old Dr. Duncan," said he, "told me he counted himself worth a million and three hundred thousand dollars when the war began, that he would gladly take fifteen thousand dollars in greenbacks for all that was left; 'but the sight of the old flag,' said he, 'was worth it all.'" Is not that really touching—to know there is some such feeling somewhere? Admiral Davis told a curious story illustrating the English confidence in our ruin. After Bull Run, their Hydrographic Office did not send the annual relay of charts which it is their custom to send to the different departments of our Government. And for more than that year, through the next year, they discontinued them; but as soon as we opened the Mississippi last year, they thought the chance of the charts being taken care of amounted to more, and began to send them again. Mr. Channing gave a very interesting account of the exciting debate in the House on the proposed expulsion of Lane and Harris to-day. I had heard a part of this discussion, but had no sense of the feeling it had really excited upon the floor. All this sort of anecdote makes you feel that you really are in the midst of things.

MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE

A year later still I saw an army for the first time. It seemed to me that I had

[1] This telegraph was built some ten years before its time and was never of any use, but that the Indians regarded it as a Godsend magazine of wire. Indeed, I believe they use it as such to this day. Wire is a great treasure in savage land.

seen every detail of preparation at Readville, where our own regiments were soldiered. I had followed along all the business where raw volunteers were taken into camp and regiments got in order for the front. At Fort Independence, in the harbor, there was apt to be a regiment, or more, going through the same process. On Sundays one or another of us went down there to see the boys and preach to them. We knew all about shirts and underclothing and hospital stores, and, alas! we began to know about pensions and State relief. We had more than enough to do with widows and children of men who had been killed, and with women who were virtually widowed, though their husbands were alive at the front. We had sent everything to the hospital stores—Testaments, playing-cards, fans, mosquito helmets, and havelocks. But, all the same, I wanted to see an army, and in April, 1864, I went to Washington determined to do so if I could. I stayed in Washington from the 8th of March until the 11th. On the Sunday the memorandum in my note-book is: "Preached at the capital, new brief, 'Compel them to come in.'" It was on this visit that I called on the President.

They all told me that no civilian would be permitted in the camp of Grant's army. But I found that I could go down to Fortress Monroe and see General Butler's army.

I had met General Butler that winter at a dinner given him in Boston, where I sat by him, and we had had an interesting conversation for the evening. He had invited me cordially to come and see him at Fortress Monroe. On this occasion I had Sanitary business of importance enough to justify my going down the bay to the fort. And I went to Norfolk on the 12th of April. There I was the guest of General Wilde—one of our Massachusetts Generals—who was at that moment very much interested in the mustering and employment of colored troops.

On the 14th of April I crossed to Fortress Monroe, where I was immediately welcomed by General Butler. And he fairly compelled me by his exuberant courtesy to make my home at his house. I spent four or five days very pleasantly there. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 17th, he ordered a review of colored troops on the broad beach to the east and north of the fortress. There were more than five thousand men under arms, mostly negroes, proud of their new position. Over at Hampton, opposite, they sing to this hour the hymn which General Armstrong liked so much:

> "We look like men,
> We look like men,
> We look like men of war,
> All armed and dressed in uniform,
> And ready for the war."

And Butler told me that in the movements of the Peninsula these men could be placed where you would think no troops could stand. They were paying off the debts of generations.

On Monday he sent me round to Yorktown and Gloucester, where my friend General Joseph Hawley was in command. I saw a little then of the life of soldiers in the field. When on Tuesday I bade General Butler good-by, I said to him: "The next time you see me I shall be a recruit, and I shall present arms to you at this gateway, as you are riding in." He said, eagerly, "Why, if you will come, Mr. Hale, we will take you to-day. We will put you in the forefront of the battle, as David put Uriel. I suppose there would have been nothing wrong in that if Uriel had asked David to place him there." With this farewell I came home, little thinking that I should so soon have his invitation—shall I say, to take Uriel's place?

But, as I knew, the joint movement by the Army of the James River, on the south, with Grant's army on the north, was impending. And I had been at home but little more than three weeks when I received a telegram from Colonel Shaffer, Butler's Chief of Staff, dated at Bermuda Hundred, a point which Butler had seized successfully at the junction of the Appomattox and the James Rivers. The despatch read, "Come on at once; we are more successful than our best hopes." Who could resist such an invitation? Not I; and I left my plow in the furrow. I arranged somehow for my pulpit and went at once to Washington. I called on my old friend Edward Townsend, who was Adjutant-General, I think, of the army. He had been a boy in the Latin School with me and was a few years my senior. I showed him my invitation, told him I

thought I could be of use in Sanitary matters, and he gave me a despatch for General Butler. It proved to be a talisman such as Aladdin used to carry. From that moment I was a bearer of despatches and could take great airs on myself. I went down the river at once to Fortress Monroe and reported there, to find that all my friends of the staff, with one exception, were in the army at the front, and that a steamer was going up in the morning on which I could go.

We were rather more than half-way up the river when we were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off General Butler's river communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As it happened, some of these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on, and just about nightfall arrived at the crowded water-front of Bermuda Hundred. The whole army of 25,000 men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvelous rapidity; and although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army.

For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college of what I was to do. I knew that General Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away. I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of his staff with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care to embarrass himself with a civilian and was intentionally keeping out of sight. I think so still.

I therefore did what I always do in life—struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of despatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. This gentleman was Colonel Fuller, of Massachusetts. The Colonel said at once that his own orderly should go with me to General Butler; that he would lend me his own horse, and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way.

He knew no more of the road than I did, and a very bad road it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there. We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves, the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods, not of large trees, which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was nine o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires.

We rode up, and I jumped from my horse to shake hands with General Butler, Colonel Shaffer, and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and General Butler, who was always effusively polite, and who to his other gracious ways added exquisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale; I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my despatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War Department which had been my talisman thus far.

Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back on Fort Darling. I did not know, till I came there, exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now this is probably true.

The fires were kept burning, and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my dilatory military friend of the General's staff, and with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which

we had ridden. He had never been there before. General Butler heard him through, and then said, "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen—all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused—and he asked me with another oath how I found the way. I said, "We followed the telegraph wire;" and from that day I was rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and about eleven o'clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterwards, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself, "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to go to sleep—did go to sleep—and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still and I went to sleep for the night.

You are awakened in camp, if you are at a major-general's, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveillé also for the first time. I washed myself, was already dressed of course, and in a little time an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy whom I had known slightly in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud; but I supposed that that was what I had come to the war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered, as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance, "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years and I have never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed.

I was acting on the principle of doing the duty which came next my hand and obeying all orders which were given to me by constituted authorities. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterward to hear, not to say report, much of the testimony, and to read all the rest of it, which related to this remarkable battle. Any one who will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York City, and will put them together, will learn that on that night a reconnoissance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly built works from those of the rebels. He will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that a certain column of the rebel troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works.

Every word of this was entirely false. In fact, there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour or two. Much of it on our side was from heavy guns which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But as the result of it all, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched. Certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board of one of our ships of war. As they left, an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and to do pleasure to her he fired one of the guns in the darkness. At that moment everything was on the *qui vive* ashore, and our land-battery men, eager for something to do, finding that one shot was fired, thought that another had better be fired, and continued firing. This started the successive artillerists for

nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox River, and, not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, successive batteries began firing in turn. Of course this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired—I suppose at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to courts martial and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hours of the battle in his bed under canvas. Such was my first and last battle.

I soon found that since Shaffer's triumphant despatch to me things had not taken so cheerful a turn. As soon as General Butler had established his position at Bermuda Hundred he had felt his enemy on the side of Richmond, which is hardly fifteen miles away. He had a good army of men under good leaders and in great spirits, and he made a bold forward movement. I think, as I said, a good many of them felt to the day of their death that they would have been in Richmond the night of that movement but for a heavy fog which disconcerted all plans. Men and companies, not to say regiments, were lost in the fog. They all called it "fighting in a fog." The gentleman who commanded our right wing told me that he made his aides carry little sticks with them which they drove down in this place and that place, that they might be able to mark in the darkness the direction of their routes. And although there was no defeat, at the end of the day nothing had happened.

For me, as soon as I arrived I was most cordially welcomed by the staff. I was immediately registered as a member of the staff and I spent the better part of a fortnight under canvas. After one day I saw that a civilian was entirely out of place in camp; that I was in everybody's way. Of course I was very anxious to make myself useful. I was sitting with General Butler himself in his tent—a tent, by the way, which had a curious history—when he asked me to strike a bell on a table. An orderly came in and the General said, "Go tell Lieutenant Davenport that I want him." I said, "You are going to call Davenport to write shorthand. He is at work with the court martial. Do not send for him. Use me." Butler, as I said, was always profuse in his courtesies, and he affected at once that it would be a great service to him if I would write; that he did not want to detach Davenport from the court martial; and so it happened that all the time I was with him I acted as his personal secretary from eight in the morning until one every day. Somebody else then took my place, and I in the afternoon wrote out the letters and other notes which we had made in the morning. Thus for that week and more I was behind the scenes, seeing the administration of a great army in all its largest affairs and in its smallest detail. This was the good I then got out of learning to write shorthand in the Brattle Street Meeting-House when I was ten years old.

My campaign ended just when General William F. Smith was ordered off with his army corps to strengthen Grant's army on its advance from the north. Butler was sick that afternoon—sick from rage and disappointment that half his command was taken away from him. He said to me, "General Smith is coming to dine with me, but I must go to bed and you must entertain him." So Smith and I sat together at a rather gruesome dinner. I said to him, "You are all disappointed that your corps is ordered to the north." Smith said, "Humanly speaking, Mr. Hale, I was as sure of being in Petersburg to-morrow morning at eight o'clock as you are that you are sitting on that chair."

The truth was that we had planned this attack on Petersburg, and the Department at Washington, which had but little confidence in us, had ordered Smith off just in time to defeat us. Instead of taking Petersburg his corps were thrown into the carnage of Cold Harbor.

That afternoon, Sunday, General Butler sat with me on the side of a hill, as we saw Smith's division pass from his command. He told me a good deal of his early life. Among other incidents he told me of a curious chance by which he was

compelled to give up his plans for serving under the Emperor of China, plans in which he would have taken the place which Chinese Gordon took afterwards. For those plans the marquee had been made in which I had dined that day.

Alas! we were not in Petersburg for well-nigh a year. But in the next April the end came. I have had the account of the sixty miles' march up the Appomattox Valley, which brought the war to an end, from the lips of Robert Lincoln, who was on Grant's staff, and of General Ord himself, who directed that wing of the army. Ord told me the story as in Texas we sat by the marble table on which the articles of surrender were written. General Ord had bought it as a historical memorial from the Virginian owner at the Appomattox Court-House. I have heard Bouvé of Washburn's force give his dramatic account of the gallant movement of the headquarters cavalry under our Colonel Washburn, of Lancaster, the last martyr of the war in Massachusetts, which met the enemy at High Bridge and really determined Lee to surrender. That battle at High Bridge ended the war, and in my judgment is the most dramatic event in the war. As yet we have no "Ballad of High Bridge," but let us hope that the boy is living who will write one.

Sister Ann

By Alice Brown

Author of "King's End," "Margaret Warrener," "The Days of His Youth," etc.

THE two Brownlow sisters came up the path at dusk, and Linda, scuttling ahead, fitted the key into their door. She did it hastily, with futile scratchings, for the matter of the key promised a mild contention between them sure to be begun upon if Ann were delayed in entering. As the lock yielded, Ann also reached the sill. She threw back her bonnet-strings and took a farewell glance at the summer twilight sifting down.

"My soul!" said she, "anybody'd think you'd been carried off every day o' your life for fifty year. Who do you s'pose wants two old maids jest let out o' prayer-meetin'?"

They walked into the house according to an established order, Ann in advance. She struck a match at the kitchen stove, and began lighting the lamp, taking pleasure meantime in its brilliant cleanliness and the bit of red flannel floating in the oil. But Linda stood motionless, her bonnet dangling from one hand.

"Ann," she whispered, piercingly, "I b'lieve I hear suthin'. Do be still a minute, an' le's see."

Ann swept relentlessly past her, and set the lamp on the table. Then she took off her own bonnet, and examined it with a loving solicitude. It was a gay creation loaded with flowers from many harvestings in drawer and bandbox. She was a slight, short woman, with gleaming eyes and a wide, satirical mouth. Her face, through laughter and the habit of mirthful comment, had fallen into lines distinctly humorous. "On'y you look at this bunnit," said she, her dry voice moved to laughter. "Ain't it been through the wars? I b'lieve I'll put on them old roses to-morrow, the ones mother wore so many year."

Linda still stood listening. In this near contrast they were an amazing pair. Ann was covered with rags and tags of finery. A sprigged muslin fell about her in scanty folds, and a scarlet bow and large cameo pin emphasized the meeting of her embroidered collar. Ann was the slave of dress, and she stood there and almost fondled her bonnet. She loved youth, and even her coarse hair had refused to turn gray. She loved happiness, and found it everywhere, little parings of it even, and heaped them together to make a pile, as she did with the scraps that formed her bonnet. Linda, much her junior, looked like a decent little old lady, with her smooth white braids and black dress. Her face was delicate in its thin transparency, and at this moment its deprecating look had deepened into fright. She put one hand upon her sister's arm and held it there.

"Oh, Ann!" she breathed, "I'm 'most sure somebody's in this house. I kinder feel so."